SANDERSON, IVAN TERRANCE. Animal treasure; with 32 il. by the author. 325p $3 Viking press [12s 6d Macmillan]

916.6 Africa, West—Description and travel. Zoology—Africa, West. Animals, Habits and behavior of 37-28557

Humorous narrative of an expedition into West Africa on behalf of the British Museum, Cambridge university, J. P. Hill, and University college, London. The leader was a young English zoologist and artist whose observations and drawings of ticks and shrews, ants, flying squirrels and galagos, frogs, and other insects and animals less well-known make an unusual book.

Reviewed by A. Loveridge
Atlantic O '37 700w

"One of the most fascinating and satisfying books about animal life that I have ever read." A. C. Moore

+ Atlantic D '37 120w

Booklist 34:50 O 1 '37

"Ivan T. Sanderson has written a fascinating book on the animals of Africa without once telling about stopping the charge of lion, rhino or gorilla with high-powered rifle. This alone is an accomplishment of no small merit. Nevertheless, hippos, leopards and other large animals enter his story and there is an exciting account of a successful gorilla hunt. . . After reading 'Animal Treasure' I feel as though I had been shown Africa through some sort of a human microscope that brings the smallest creature up to similar proportions with the largest, making all equally interesting." C. H. Pope

+ Books p3 S 12 '37 1450w

Reviewed by M. L. Elting
Forum 98:vi D '37 110w

"Here is a beautifully made book with unusual pictures which given to boys of fourteen will, we wager, be found treasured among their books years later."

+ Horn Bk M 14:43 Ja '38 100w

Reviewed by S. A. Beard
Library J 62:816 N 1 '37 80w

Reviewed by H. G. Maurice
Manchester Guardian p7 D 3 '37 600w

"Concise, intelligent, often witty and constantly interesting, 'Animal Treasure' is particularly appealing to those who have been led to believe that African wild life is composed solely of big game and tsetse flies. . . Mr. Sanderson is too good a naturalist to skimp, and yet he seems to have studiously avoided any detailed examination of the scientific questions he himself brings up—either this or he was prevailed upon by his editor to cut his book for the benefit of the general reader. In either case, one wishes that he had given us some of the notes that he turned in to the British Museum." Etolia Basso

+ — New Repub 92:248 O 6 '37 400w

"A well-rounded and charmingly told story about the adventures and observations of three young naturalists in British Camaroons." H. C. Adamson

+ N Y Times p3 O 3 '37 1300w

"It is certainly not because of any competence in exotic natural history, that I undertake to review this book. But rather—since Mr. Sanderson's reliability as a scientific investigator is established—because the adventurousness, the humor, the easy narrative of his extraordinary experiences might be overlooked by a zoölogist too excited by the discoveries of new forms of life to note the literary quality of this book. . . I do not know why this book is more fascinating than any naturalist's exploration book I have read, unless it be that Mr. Sanderson was not looking for elephants, or antelope, or lions, or any of the big 'beef' (everything is good 'beef' or bad 'beef' in the Cameroons) that big-game hunters write about." H. S. Canby

+ Sat R of Lit 16:5 S 11 '37 550w

"One gathers that Mr. Sanderson is a keen observer and a good collector, but most of all he is an excellent raconteur and his writing has exceptional merit. For literary charm and lively style, the pages of 'Animal Treasure' are unexcelled, but it is moreover a treasure house of information concerning a region and a fauna which hitherto have been practically unknown to American readers."

+ Scientific Bk Club R 8:4 S '37 320w

Springf'd Republican p7e O 10 '37 1400w

Times [London] Lit Sup p962 D 18 '37 330w

Wis Lib Bul 33:143 O '37

21 he was a Lieutenant Colonel in the army and one of General Washington's best officers. Coming to New York after the Revolution, he rose rapidly in the social and political life of the city. A practical politician, he was one of the first men to see the advantages of the political machine as an instrument for aligning the masses against wealth and privilege. It is not entirely Burr's fault that the Society of St. Tammany, which he changed from a poor man's ale-drinking club into a powerful political organization, is no longer solely a force for good government.

His star began to set after the duel with Hamilton. Then came the mysterious "conspiracy" and the trial for treason at Richmond, where it was charged that he had tried to set himself up as Emperor of Mexico. Acquitted, Burr nevertheless had to flee the country, and he wandered through Europe, as lonely as Trotsky and about as welcome in the big capitals. He stayed abroad four years, harassed by debt and the police of the Continent, who considered him a dangerous revolutionary. In 1812, he finally returned to America —to live and die in obscurity.

All his life Burr had a roving eye for the ladies, and his enemies made the most of it. As he said in his diary: "I have always had a passion for certain branches of natural history." This passion brought him into ridicule at the end of his life. All New York tittered when the 77-year-old dandy took Eliza Jumel, rich widow and ex-prostitute, to wife. The marriage didn't work, however, and the couple separated. It was Burr's last gesture. He died in 1836 and was buried in an unmarked grave.

CLAY: The treason trial at Richmond was one of the biggest scandals in American history and was significant politically because it looked like the first split in the infant republic. In the grand-jury investigation preceding it, Burr's defender was young Henry Clay, Senator from Kentucky, who came to his aid out of a conviction that Burr was a victim of Federalist persecution. If the treason action marked the end of Aaron Burr as a political leader, it was one of the important milestones in Clay's career. Last week, the first volume of a trilogy on the "silver-tongued" advocate appeared: **Henry Clay** *(By Bernard Mayo. 525 pages, 154,000 words. Bibliography, index. Houghton Mifflin, Boston. $4.50).*

Clay doesn't make as colorful copy as Burr. Born in Virginia in 1777, "rocked in the cradle of Revolution," he went West as a young man, became a Kentuckian, and ever afterward was a champion of the frontier.

NEWSPHOTOS

Nathan Schachner appraises Aaron Burr

This book is thoroughgoing and exhaustively documented, but it only takes Clay up to the War of 1812. It was not until later that he came into his full powers as a statesman. Thus perhaps the volumes that are to follow will be more interesting than this one.

ANIMALS: *Some of the Less Charming Residents of Africa*

Anybody who collects 7,000 African animals—including 92 species of mammals, 64 of reptiles, 46 of frogs, and 250 of spiders, scorpions, centipedes, and whatnot—is likely to have something to write about when he gets through. Ivan T. Sanderson, young Scottish zoologist, goes the ordinary collector one better; he embellishes an entertaining book with decorative sketches.

Sanderson's adventures with the fauna of the British Cameroons are set forth in *Animal Treasure (325 pages, 114,000 words. Viking, New York. $3).* Its title, some readers may feel, is slightly misleading. Most of the critters the author describes are interesting but not exactly treasures.

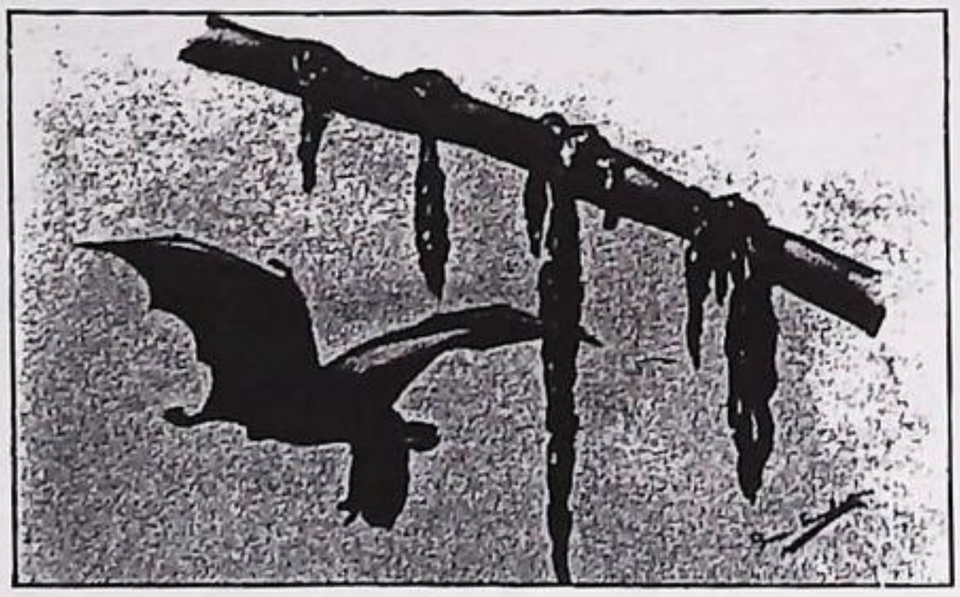
Take, for example, the belching baboon. For no reason at all, it acts like an overfed but appreciative Chinese gourmet. And occasionally it becomes downright rude. One husky male heaved a small boulder at Sanderson with surprising accuracy.

The whistling skink seems equally unattractive. A lizard equipped with a foghorn voice, it makes the night horrid with noise. Perhaps the most loathsome of all Africa's creatures is the hairy spider—as large as a small platter—which jumps at its enemies (man included) from a distance of 6 feet.

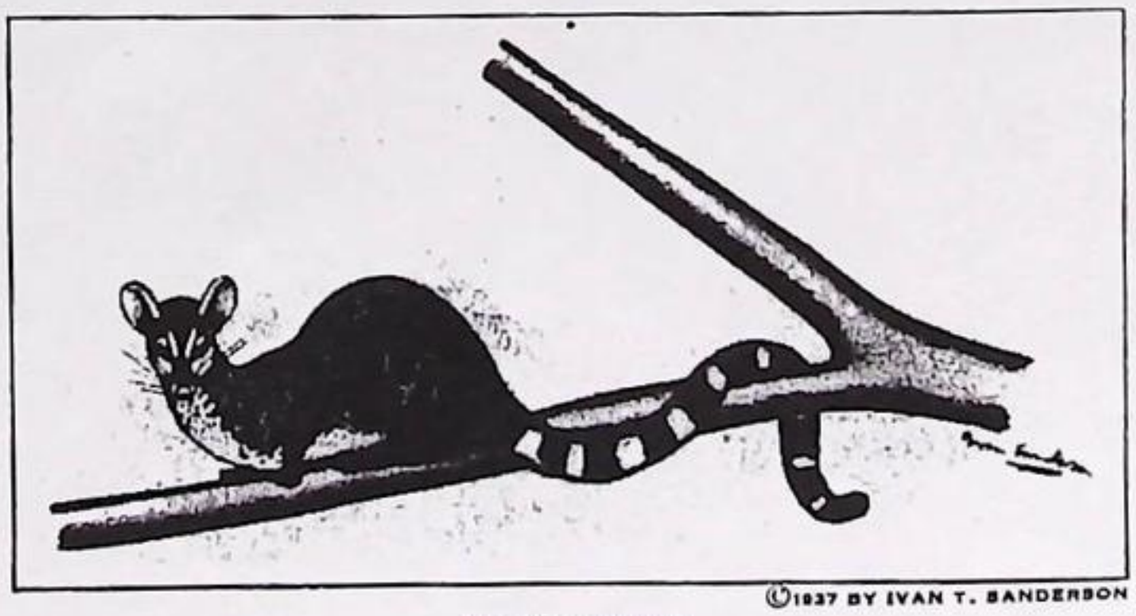
Sanderson retails thrilling or amusing encounters with better-known animals like hippos, crocodiles, and chimpanzees. In an abandoned gorilla camp he discovered that the great apes could tie knots. Their "nests," or sleeping platforms, had been made by bending saplings together and placing a mass of leaves on top of this springy mattress. To keep the saplings in place the gorillas had used creepers tied in more than two dozen knots. (While most of these were grannies, Sanderson noted three reef knots.)

The author tells his story with humor and modesty, describing failures as well as successes and digressing occasionally to discuss the friendly savages and their ju-ju (magic). His book, which is uncluttered by scientific terms, represents an easy and pleasant way to explore a fascinating section of the Dark Continent.

• Animals have intrigued Sanderson during most of his 27 years. At Eton, he spent much of his spare time in the museum. The year before graduation he embarked on a zoological expedition which led him to Egypt, India, Ceylon, Sumatra, and Java. Finally back in England, he took his B.A. at Cambridge with honors in zoology, botany, and geology. Later studies have added the



Hammer-headed bat



©1937 BY IVAN T. SANDERSON

Pardine genet

: Scottish
· collector
entertain-
ɜtches.
with the
ɔns are set
325 pages,
York. $3).
y feel, is
he critters
·esting but

belching
it acts like
e Chinese
t becomes
sky male
Sanderson

ɜs equally
ɔed with a
night hor-
nost loath-
res is the
small plat-
mies (man
6 feet.
or amus-
ter-known
diles, and
ɜed gorilla
great apes
" or sleep-
e by bend-
placing a
ɜis springy
gs in place.
ers tied in
s. (While
·s, Sander-

· with hu-
failures as
essing oc-
endly sav-
His book,
tific terms.
asant way
ion of the

Sanderson
At Eton,
ime in the
graduation
expedition
ia, Ceylon
y back in
Cambridge
otany, and
added the

T. SANDERSON

ber 20, 1937

following initials to his name: F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.R.G.S.—Fellow of the Linnean, Zoological, and Royal Geographic Societies.

Although he is now in New York to seek backing for another expedition, he will shortly rejoin his wife in Haiti where he has already collected considerable material for museums—and for another book. His favorite and only sport there, he said last week, is shooting poisonous spiders with an air rifle. As No. 1 hobby, Sanderson lists swing music, which can be fully appreciated, he believes, only by a person who has lived in Africa.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

He Swung and He Missed. *By Eugene Burton. 289 pages, 49,000 words. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. $2.* Toby joined the navy to get an education; he saw only the seamy side of the world. A tough, vivid novel.

A Wanderer Till I Die. *By Leonard Wood. 246 pages, 70,000 words. Illustrations. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. $3.* Dirty but exciting adventures in China, Java, Borneo, and Mexico.

Breaking Into Print. *By Elmer Adler. 300 pages, 50,000 words. Simon & Schuster, New York. $2.75.* A collection of essays by twenty well-known writers—from Robert Benchley to Edith Wharton on how they got their start.

Edge of Taos Desert. *By Mabel Dodge Luhan. 334 pages, 102,000 words. Illustrations, index. Harcourt, Brace, New York. $3.* Already having reminisced at scandalous length about her acquaintances and male friends, the voluble author now descants upon the noble redskin who became her fourth spouse. Most readers will yawn.

CRIME CALENDAR

The Hush-Hush Murders. *By Margaret Taylor Yates. 314 pages, 95,000 words. Macmillan, New York. $2.* Entertaining deadly action on a navy transport. Grade A.

The Hongkong Airbase Murders. *By Lea Wyck Mason. 339 pages, 89,000 words. Crime Club, New York. $2.* Excitement and suspense follow the theft of a fuel formula. Grade A.

Octagon House. *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. 296 pages, 77,000 words. Norton, New York. $2.* Asey Mayo becomes involved with ambergris, modern art, and an eight-sided dwelling. Grade A.

The Case of the Seven of Calvary. *By Anthony Boucher. 312 pages, 65,000 words. Simon & Schuster, New York. $2.* Strange doings in a university; Dr. Ashwin turns from Sanskrit to murder. Grade A.

Murder a la Richelieu. *By Anita Blackmon. 273 pages, 81,000 words. Crime Club, New York. $2.* Undaunted by blackmail and other unpleasantness, Miss Adelaide Adams helps solve three slayings. Grade A.

Death Dupes a Lady. *By Royce Howes. 294 pages, 81,000 words. Crime Club, New York. $2.* Gangsters, yachts, a beauteous blonde, and Capt. Ben Lucias of the Detroit Homicide Squad. Grade B.

LAW

CALIFORNIA: Los Angeles police sought a murder warrant against José Alvarez, who allegedly shot Raymond Garnica in December 1934. Garnica died from the wound three weeks ago. The judge, however, refused to issue the warrant. California law forbids murder prosecution if the victim lives more than a year and a day after the attack.

• • •

CONNECTICUT: To repulse an assault on their rural retreat, 400 residents of the Saugatuck Valley—many of them New York artists and writers—attacked legality of the Bridgeport Hydraulic Co.'s plan to build a 3-mile reservoir. They labeled as unconstitutional the 1927 legislation which gave the company power to condemn privately owned land. Last week Superior Court Judge P. B. O'Sullivan ruled that previous legal tests had established the Legislature's right to delegate condemnation rights where public interest is involved.

• • •

TEXAS: The Macmillan Company, publisher of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind," has printed 1,400,000 copies of the $3 novel—and thus far Macmillan has encountered only one (unsuccessful) suit claiming plagiarism by Miss Mitchell. Last week publisher and author did some suing of their own. Charging copyright infringement, they filed suit against Billy Rose and the backers of his Fort Worth centennial revue. Rose laughed it off: "We have used none of the original dramatic episodes. We have a Southern plantation. There have been Southern plantations before. We burn a house, but houses were burned before Miss Mitchell was born."

BROOKS BROTHERS VISITING 51 CITIES

If you will write to our New York store, Madison Avenue, corner of 44th Street—we shall be glad to send you a copy of the new itinerary of our travelling representatives, who are now showing Brooks Brothers' Suits and Overcoats for Fall, together with complete assortments of accessories of every kind, in 51 cities, as follows:

ATLANTA	KANSAS CITY	PRINCETON
BALTIMORE	LAKEVILLE, CONN.	PROVIDENCE
BUFFALO	LAWRENCEVILLE, N. J.	RICHMOND
CHICAGO	LOS ANGELES	ROCHESTER
CINCINNATI	LOUISVILLE	ST. JOSEPH
CLEVELAND	MILWAUKEE	ST. LOUIS
COLORADO SPRINGS	MINNEAPOLIS	SAN DIEGO
COLUMBUS	NEW HAVEN	SAN FRANCISCO
DALLAS	NEW ORLEANS	SANTA BARBARA
DAYTON	NORFOLK	SAVANNAH
DENVER	OMAHA	SEATTLE
DES MOINES	PASADENA	SOUTHBORO, MASS.
DETROIT	PHILADELPHIA	SYRACUSE
EL PASO	PHOENIX	TACOMA
HARTFORD	PITTSBURGH	TOLEDO
HOUSTON	PORTLAND, ORE.	TULSA
INDIANAPOLIS	POTTSTOWN, PA.	WASHINGTON

Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.
Write to our New York store for a copy of BROOKS-*Illustrated*, issued bi-monthly to give information about our merchandise.

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

THE BOOK REVIEW DIGEST
33RD ANNUAL CUMMULATION
MARCH 1937 TO FEBRUARY 1938
EDITED BY MERTICE M. JAMES AND DOROTHY BROWN
EDITED BY SADIE BRACHFELD
NEW YORK
THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
1938

SAMUEL, H. L.—*Continued*

philosophical ambition—Reality, Values, Mind and Matter, Causality, Free Will." (Manchester Guardian) Index.

"There is no slightest tincture of dogmatism or pedantry in the work. It is written for the layman and technical terms are avoided, but the author has not felt it necessary to use words of one syllable. He assumes that the average reader is concerned to find some consistent and workable scheme of conduct and that a philosophy worthy of the name should lead to this. 'Belief and Action' comes rather nearer to supplying this need than any other recent work with which the reviewer is acquainted." E. S. Bates

+ Books p4 N 14 '37 1400w

Reviewed by W. P. Lemon

Christian Century 55:15 Ja 5 '38 650w

"As the proportion of scope to length suggests, it is not a book for students of philosophy. The satisfaction it offers will naturally come rather from its sane and sensible courage than from any clear or consistent 'Weltanschauung.' Some of its statements on matters of ultimate controversy are quite dogmatic, neglecting all the well-known difficulties, and some seem inconsistent. . . There is a good practical chapter on 'The Conditions of Peace,' and a good one of the more philosophical type on 'Causality and Indeterminism.'" E. F. Carritt

Manchester Guardian p7 O 19 '37 490w

"Ably and attractively written book. . . The presentation of purely scientific issues is neither too technical for the general reader nor too simple for the professional. The author's advocacy of the expansion of the League of Nations from a judiciary to a legislature is more controversial. It merits, nevertheless, serious consideration, while there must be few who would refuse to endorse Lord Samuel's vigorous indictment of militarist philosophy." J. E. T.

+ — Nature 141:56 Ja 8 '38 430w

"At once a realist and an idealist, Viscount Samuel is practical in his idealism and not a pessimist in spite of his realism. 'Belief and Action' will help all who read it to penetrate the mists enveloping so many of us today." Percy Hutchison

+ N Y Times p36 N 28 '37 750w

Reviewed by George Catlin

Sat R of Lit 17:10 Ja 15 '38 330w

Reviewed by W. R. Inge

Spec 159:750 O 29 '37 1300w

Springf'd Republican p7e N 21 '37 750w

"If politics had not claimed him Lord Samuel might have given new distinction to the English and common-sense school of philosophy. Even as it is, in a book whose eminently practical aim is indicated by its title, he makes no small contribution to thought. It is, however, characteristic of his method of approach that this contribution is to be found not in the body of the book but in the five appendices which make up its seventy concluding pages. There the foundations of his thought are exposed that their soundness may be demonstrated."

+ Times [London] Lit Sup p744 O 16 '37 1150w

SANBORN, PITTS, ed. Metropolitan book of the opera; synopses of the operas by Pitts Sanborn; biographical sketches by Emil Hilb and Pitts Sanborn; pref. by Edward Johnson [pub. under the auspices of the Metropolitan opera association]. 396p $2 Simon & Schuster

782.08 Opera—Stories, plots, etc. 37-28473

"[This book which] has been brought out with the official cooperation of the Metropolitan Opera Association, contains a brief history of the Metropolitan Opera House, has a preface by the Metropolitan Opera's general manager, tells the story of every opera in the Metropolitan repertory, and outlines every composer's life, and recalls the dates and other details of outstanding Metropolitan performances. . . Alphabetically arranged for easy reference." (N Y Times) Index.

Booklist 34:143 D 15 '37

"Here is the peer of all books of the kind. There could have been no better choice than Pitts Sanborn to undertake a work of this sort." Alexander Smallens

+ Books p4 D 12 '37 850w

Cleveland Open Shelf p23 N '37

"Clearly and vigorously written for enjoyable reading, this book should be heartily welcomed both by operagoers and radio audiences."

+ N Y Times p31 N 21 '37 500w

Springf'd Republican p10 D 15 '37 40w

SANDERSON, IVAN TERRANCE. Animal treasure; with 32 il. by the author. 325p $3 Viking press [12s 6d Macmillan]

916.6 Africa, West—Description and travel. Zoology—Africa, West. Animals, Habits and behavior of 37-28557

Humorous narrative of an expedition into West Africa on behalf of the British Museum, Cambridge university, J. P. Hill, and University college, London. The leader was a young English zoologist and artist whose observations and drawings of ticks and shrews, ants, flying squirrels and galagos, frogs, and other insects and animals less well-known make an unusual book.

Reviewed by A. Loveridge

Atlantic O '37 700w

"One of the most fascinating and satisfying books about animal life that I have ever read." A. C. Moore

+ Atlantic D '37 120w

Booklist 34:50 O 1 '37

"Ivan T. Sanderson has written a fascinating book on the animals of Africa without once telling about stopping the charge of lion, rhino or gorilla with high-powered rifle. This alone is an accomplishment of no small merit. Nevertheless, hippos, leopards and other large animals enter his story and there is an exciting account of a successful gorilla hunt. . . After reading 'Animal Treasure' I feel as though I had been shown Africa through some sort of a human microscope that brings the smallest creature up to similar proportions with the largest, making all equally interesting." C. H. Pope

+ Books p3 S 12 '37 1450w

Reviewed by M. L. Elting

Forum 98:vi D '37 110w

"Here is a beautifully made book with unusual pictures which given to boys of fourteen will, we wager, be found treasured among their books years later."

+ Horn Bk M 14:43 Ja '38 100w

Reviewed by S. A. Beard

Library J 62:816 N 1 '37 80w

Reviewed by H. G. Maurice

Manchester Guardian p7 D 3 '37 600w

"Concise, intelligent, often witty and constantly interesting, 'Animal Treasure' is particularly appealing to those who have been led to believe that African wild life is composed solely of big game and tsetse flies. . . Mr. Sanderson is too good a naturalist to skimp, and yet he seems to have studiously avoided any detailed examination of the scientific questions he himself brings up—either this or he was prevailed upon by his editor to cut his book for the benefit of the general reader. In either case, one wishes that he had given us some of the notes that he turned in to the British Museum." Etolia Basso

+ — New Repub 92:248 O 6 '37 400w

"A well-rounded and charmingly told story about the adventures and observations of three young naturalists in British Camaroons." H. C. Adamson

+ N Y Times p3 O 3 '37 1300w

"It is certainly not because of any competence in exotic natural history, that I undertake to review this book. But rather—since Mr. Sanderson's reliability as a scientific investigator is established—because the adventurousness, the humor, the easy narrative of his extraordinary experiences might be overlooked by a zoologist too excited by the discoveries of new forms of life to note the literary quality of this book. . . I do not know why this book is more fascinating than any naturalist's exploration book I have read, unless it be that Mr. Sanderson was not looking for elephants, or antelope, or lions, or any of the big 'beef' (everything is good 'beef' or bad 'beef' in the Cameroons) that big-game hunters write about." H. S. Canby

+ Sat R of Lit 16:6 S 11 '37 550w

"One gathers that Mr. Sanderson is a keen observer and a good collector, but most of all he is an excellent raconteur and his writing has exceptional merit. For literary charm and lively style, the pages of 'Animal Treasure' are unexcelled, but it is moreover a treasure house of information concerning a region and a fauna which hitherto have been practically unknown to American readers."

+ Scientific Bk Club R 8:4 S '37 320w

Springf'd Republican p7e O 10 '37 1400w

Times [London] Lit Sup p962 D 18 '37 330w

Wis Lib Bul 33:143 O '37

SANDOZ, MARI. Slogum House. (Atlantic monthly press bk) 400p $2.50 Little 37-38870

Realistic novel of pioneering days in Nebraska. The story is dominated by the ruthless Gulla Slogum, who had been scorned by her husband's genteel sisters, and determined to have revenge. Migrating to Nebraska from Ohio, Gulla set out to build up a greater fortune than that of the Ohio Slogums. Little by little the estate grew and prospered as Gulla drove her sons and daughters to unspeakable lengths to gain her ends.

Booklist 34:192 Ja 15 '38

"'Slogum House' is a brutal book written for strong stomachs, and its author in her strength casts a shadow tall and deep. . . Mari Sandoz writes with a sweep and power as strong as a tornado and as devasting. Just as she has no fear of piling horror upon horror and outrage upon outrage, she has no fear of using language that gives integrity to the picture she presents. It is the language of the frontier, of the saloon and the fancy house. Coming from a woman, many may find it shocking, but with these Mari Sandoz will have small patience and little concern. For men and women with stronger tastes 'Slogum House' is an unforgettable book and Gulla Slogum an unforgettable character." R. C. Feld

+ Books p7 N 28 '37 1100w

"The story has not intricate, artificial complications of plot; it is just burning, searing narrative, told with dazzling vividness. . . Whatever interpretation is finally to be put on this epic of the West, an outstanding thought at the end is that the writer has tremendous literary power. Unpleasing as many of the themes are, they have an unmistakable ring of truth, and the rare flashes of poetic expression make one wish the proportions might have been reversed." William Fox

Boston Transcript p1 N 27 '37 1250w

"'Slogum House' is a fine piece of reporting. There are dozens of scenes which will stick in the reader's mind like burrs in a saddle blanket. . . 'Slogum House' could not be described as a pretty book. On the contrary, it may be attacked in some quarters as a sordid book. The arbiters who pronounced 'Tobacco Road' obscene and edited the dialogue of 'Dead End' probably will have a word to say about 'Slogum House.' It is neither sordid nor obscene, however, because it is free of any gratuitous intention in these respects. Mari Sandoz has included nothing here which is not necessary and legitimate part of her picture." Margaret Wallace

+ N Y Times p6 N 28 '37 450w

"The style in which this extraordinary story is conveyed has a tautness, a nervous energy admirable in each successive chapter, but the total impact of the attempt to load every rift with ore is, I am afraid, fatiguing, just as in the end one wearies of so much immoralism. Miss Sandoz has nevertheless wonderfully portrayed the characters and the environment of her story. . . Yet, graphic as the book is, it is too long. Repetitional insistence upon the lawless cunning of Gulla loses force." H. M. Jones

+ — Sat R of Lit 17:6 N 27 '37 450w

Springf'd Republican p7e D 19 '37 90w

"Overburdened with violence to a point that occasionally touches burlesque, Slogum House is nevertheless written with power, gives a clearer picture of the wild environment than of the people who fought to make it better or the ones who tried to make it worse."

Time 30:69 N 29 '37 380w

SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH. Surgical call. 254p $2 Greenberg 37-22646

"The heroine of this short, light novel is a youthful, but extremely competent physician, one Charity Standish, an attractive and vivacious person who, though she likes parties, never allows pleasure to come before her professional duties. Two men come simultaneously into Charity's life. . . Charity's courtship by the two widely contrasted suitors proceeds indecisively for a time. She gives them a nearly even share of favor and response. Then a sudden intrusion of the unforeseen and tragic destroys one lover's chance. Consequently, on the rebound, Charity consents to marry the other man." N Y Times

Reviewed by Lisle Bell

Books p10 Ja 3 '37 100w

"Though trite and superficial in tone and characterization, the novel has its good points, notably: brevity, concentrated directness of narrative, sustained liveliness and the exclusion of irrelevancies as a means of unduly distending the story's naturally slim material." E. C. Beckwith

N Y Times p15 Ja 10 '37 280w

Springf'd Republican p7e F 14 '37 170w

SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH. The Terrace. 241p $2 Greenberg 37-20320

"Some oddly-assorted people who comprise the so-called neighborhood groups in the supposedly most restricted and 'nicest' residential districts of the community are the background for 'The Terrace.' . . The author tells how jealousy lived in one house on the Terrace and mutual discontent lived in another nearby. Fear of loneliness and fear of poverty rubbed elbows with wealth and power." Springf'd Republican

Reviewed by Charlotte Dean

N Y Times p22 S 12 '37 210w

"It is a work likely to appeal to those who like light romance that is 'down-to-earth' in its settings and principals."

Springf'd Republican p7e S 26 '37 240w

SANSOM, KATHARINE GORDON (SLINGSBY) lady. Living in Tokyo; il. by Marjorie Nishiwaki. 185p $5 Harcourt [15s Chatto]

915.2 Japan—Social life and customs 37-5360

Thru more than twenty years of residence in Japan the author has learned to know something of the Japanese people and their ways of living. She writes of happenings in the street, the park, the kitchen, the dining room, on the trolleys, etc. The amusing illustrations are by a Japanese artist.

"This is a singularly delightful book. It is charmingly written, quite enchantingly illustrated, conceived in a most admirable spirit of friendliness and understanding, and—needless

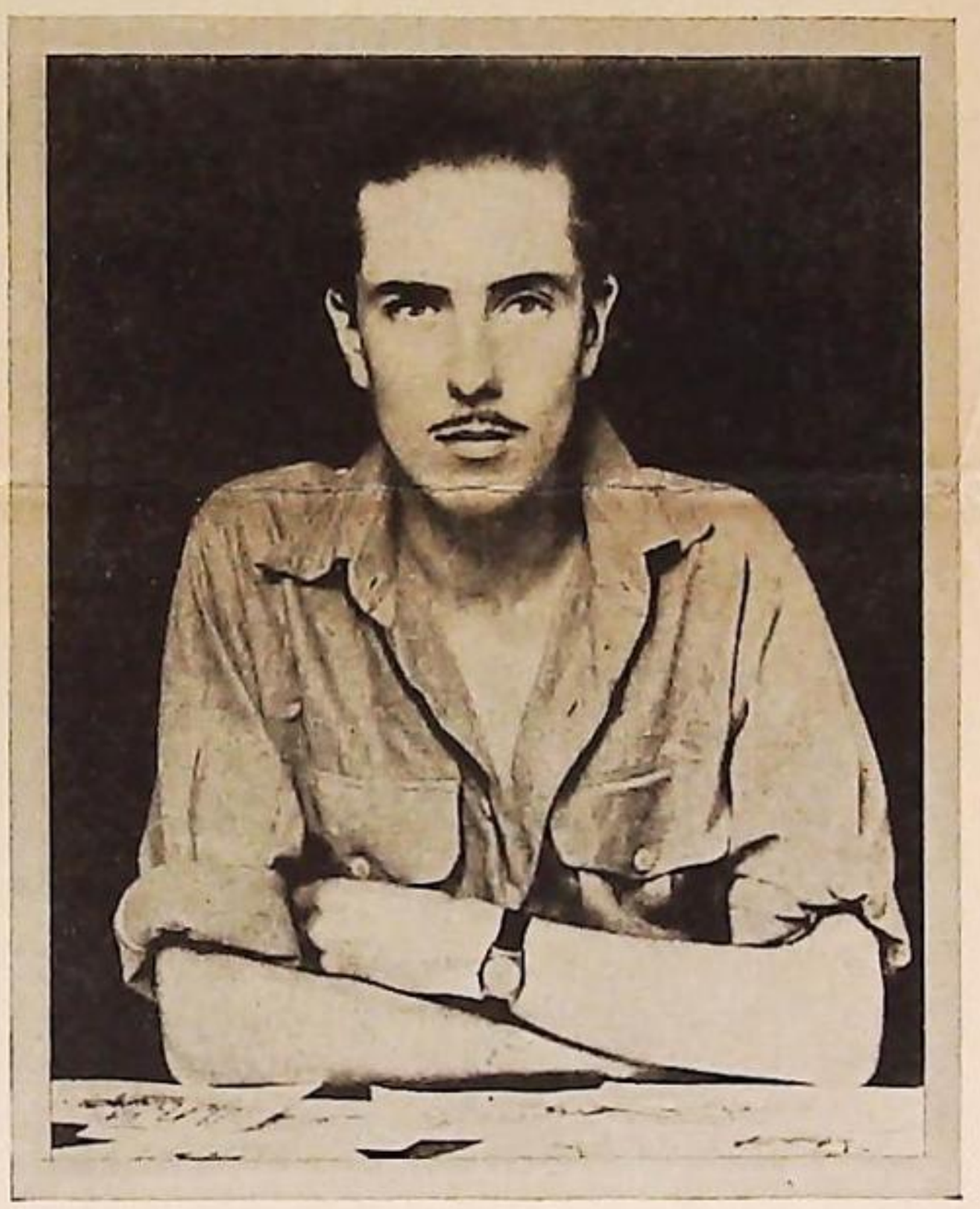
phrys Superciliosus) remained. They were so bold we landed and lay down among them.

"The scene here was of such staggering beauty as to be almost beyond description. I have already tried to express the sensations that these vistas of purely natural beauty conjure up in one. Alone in the unspoiled eternal jungle, one merely becomes another animal of only comparative efficiency and almost incredible ugliness. The little wading birds with their feathers arranged in perfect order and cleanliness, the zooming insects performing feats of aeronautics beyond our powers of comprehension, the spotless sands, and the tensile trees breathing silently through a million verdant pores are our rightful background. One could, I suppose, regard this unbridled riot of growth and color as something terrifying, though I do not see how it could be regarded as more fearful than the continuous multiplication and drabness of our industrial districts. One is to me the very apex to which life can reach, the other the very depth to which it can sink. Man alone seems capable of digging these depths, and therefore I consider him a creation of the mythical devil, though I know full well that my opinion is of no consequence."

As you can see, few magic carpets can take us farther away than this one, from the old, worn, too-familiar limitations of our daily lives.

Ivan T. Sanderson

By PAUL R. REYNOLDS, JR.



I REMEMBER thinking the first time I met Ivan Sanderson, in London, that he seemed to me really to look like an author, unlike most people who write. He is a tall, thin Scot with a short little mustache, cadaverous face, and hands that were inevitably holding cigarettes, and that reminded me a little of photographs I have seen of Robert Louis Stevenson's hands. As a result of suffering from malaria his face has a pale, drawn sort of look; and yet, as he talks, one has a feeling of immense vitality. He seemed to me a shy man, and I gathered that by far his predominant interest was not in becoming known as a writer, but in discovering and gathering accurate data about animal life as yet unknown, or almost so. I remember his asking me if I thought he could write under a pen name for American publications.

His reticence makes it difficult to get at the facts for a story about his life. He tells us in the Introduction to *Animal Treasure* that his love for the Tropics and his interest in exotic animals were both instilled in him in childhood, in the bleak surroundings of his Edinburgh home. His opportunity for a break-away from the conventional life-history of a young Britisher came at the age of 17, when he had just finished Eton. He had the choice of going on immediately to Cambridge University, or of setting out for the Dutch East Indies on a zoological expedition. That eager jaunt to Macassar, resulting in disillusionment about the accepted methods of research, must have been a great adventure for the youthful enthusiast. It turned into a *Wanderjahr* which took him to Egypt, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Cochin China, Japan, the Pacific Islands, and North America. He returned to Cambridge to work for a degree and received a B.A. with honors in Zoology, Botany, and Geology. In addition to the B.A., he can now string the following initials after his name—F. L. S., F. Z. S., F. R. G. S. (meaning that he is a Fellow of the Linnean Society, of the Zoological Society, and of the Royal Geographical Society).

Now he is "about 27," he says, and in the interval he has made several other expeditions, including the one which is reported in *Animal Treasure*, his first book. This took place in the years 1932-1933, and was officially known as the Percy Sladen Expedition to the British Cameroons, West Africa. Hardly out of his 'teens, he was its leader. The effort was the first to collect zoological specimens and data, with a laboratory set up on a mobile expedition. It was made on behalf of the British Museum, Cambridge University, J. P. Hill, and University College, London.

It is a boon to any scientist to be able to sketch his specimens precisely: but few have Mr. Sanderson's additional gift, of being able to reproduce them so attractively that the sketches are miniature works of art. Still fewer have the literary skill to put their scientific reports—for that is essentially what *Animal Treasure*

Volume XLI #4
April 1938
Natural History

YOUR NEW BOOKS

ANIMAL TREASURE: A DISSENT • WISSLER'S AMERICAN INDIAN • A BIOLOGIST LOOKS AT PHILOSOPHY • PEATTIE'S PRAIRIE GROVE NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY • ON EARLY MAN

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

- - - - - - - - by Clark Wissler

Oxford University Press, Third Edition, $3.75

SINCE the publication of the first edition in 1917, *The American Indian* by Clark Wissler has been an item of standard equipment for every serious student of New World anthropology. As a well organized and not too formidable introduction to a rich and complex field it has served scientific neophytes and interested laymen equally well. The appearance this year of a third and considerably revised edition is therefore a noteworthy event for scientist and general reader alike.

The importance of this concise and authoritative book to the beginner in any field of American ethnology, linguistics, archaeology, or physical anthropology cannot be overestimated. The outgrowth of an exceptionally rich museum and field experience, it presents in classified and descriptive form the highly variable patterns of Indian life in North, Central, and South America. In a field marked by the exuberant production of monographs on special subjects this book alone has been, and remains, the one organized work covering the entire field.

Viewed as a whole, one gains the impression that, whereas New World archaeology has developed rapidly of late, ethnological and physical anthropological viewpoints have remained more constant. As regards ethnology this impression is, in part, due to lack of emphasis on certain recent psychological trends perhaps hardly germane to this type of handbook.

Meanwhile, the present work in its revised form remains preeminent in its field. This field, as summed up by Doctor Wissler, concerns "an isolated people who did not travel the road to higher cultures as rapidly as their relatives in Asia, the connection between whose centers of development has long been broken by climatic changes and later almost completely blocked by hordes of primitive hunter and fisher folk. We can only speculate as to what a few more thousand years of this freedom would have done for the New World, for in the sixteenth century a calamity, which has no exact parallel in history, befell the New World. A militant foreign civilization, fired by a zeal not only to plunder the material treasures of mankind, but to seize the very souls of men in the name of its God, fell upon the two great centers of aboriginal culture like a thunder bolt from a clear sky. The blow was mortal. But the man of the New World went down fighting. Though his feeble survivors still continue the struggle in a few distant outposts, the first great onslaught that annihilated the Aztec and the Inca marks the end of our story. In this volume we have been concerned only with the history of a race and a culture of which the aboriginal city-states of Mexico and Peru were the culmination. As we look back upon the long and tortuous career of man in the New World, comprehend his crude equipment as he first set foot upon the land, and pass in review his later achievements, we cannot but regret that the end came so suddenly."

WM. DUNCAN STRONG.

Do your pupils know that a beaver—

—can cut down a tree with his teeth?
—uses his tail as a rudder when swimming?
—builds dams with his feet and not with his tail?

They will find these and many other fascinating facts about animals and Nature in—

THE
NATURE SCIENCE SERIES

By Clyde Fisher, *Ph.D., LL.D., American Museum of Natural History, New York,* and Marion L. Langham, *Teacher of Nature Study, New York Public Schools.*

OUR PETS—1st Grade	$ .96
ON THE FARM—2nd Grade	.96
WORLD OF NATURE—3rd Grade	.96
WAYS OF THE WILD FOLK—4th Grade	.96
OUR WONDER WORLD—5th Grade	.96
IN FIELD AND GARDEN—6th Grade	.96

For complete descriptive literature about this series—write to

NOBLE & NOBLE, PUBLISHERS, INC.
100 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ANIMAL TREASURE

- - - - - - - by Ivan T. Sanderson

The Viking Press, $3.50

ANIMAL TREASURE has created quite a furor. It has been hailed as a contribution to literature and to science, and Sanderson, the author, has been compared to William Henry Hudson. For a time this book has appeared on the list of non-fiction best sellers. It might have been placed on the fiction list with equal propriety for it certainly does not have the ring of truth that one usually associates with a bonafide account of biological field work. To a naturalist who has the experience to make a competent comparison between Sanderson and Hudson, the very idea itself seems absurd.

Unfortunately, the lay reader cannot be expected to have the background qualifying him to weigh the great mass of facts and what pass as facts in *Animal Treasure*. He assumes that events took place just as described, that categorical statements are facts beyond question, and that the measure of success claimed by the author is conceded him by the workers in those particular fields. But if all this is true, how colorless, how unimportant and how futile have been the expeditions of the past. What hope is there for the expeditions of the future if their leaders do not don the rosy hued spectacles of a Sanderson. Herein lies the greatest menace of a book such as *Animal Treasure*, the subordinating of well-considered, factual narratives woven about museum expeditions.

Sanderson decries the mode of expedition collectors who preceded him. He believes they have gone about things in a misguided fashion and he intends to change all this. Taken at his own word, we must grant he has been successful. The pages of the book echo and reecho to the letting off of both barrels of the shotgun, which seems to be used with a fine disregard for animal and human rights. Most collectors have too much regard for wild life to use every hawk as an excuse to target a shotgun, as Sanderson and his party do. Climbing about tree tops with the safety off the shotgun, shooting at bats flying about inside a house with the resultant hole blown through the roof, firing at bats emerging from an opening where the head of a native may appear at any moment, all such episodes suggest heedless, careless boys rather than experienced collectors. In such respects the

Sanderson expedition undoubtedly broke out of the rut of ordinary expeditions, but also this adds spice and variety to the narrative and not until the last page is reached can the reader be certain that someone has not stopped a charge of shot.

Sanderson was working in a region which possesses a very rich fauna. This part of West Africa is the home of many rare and exceedingly interesting animals. The collectors meet with an impressive list of the rarities, and on this score they deserve great credit. Some of the species are not as rare as Sanderson thinks they are, but the securing of additional specimens can still be counted as a feather in the cap of the man who collects them.

The style of the book is graphic and moving and there are few dull moments. The descriptive passages take the reader right into the heart of things. Sometimes the deductions of the author appear to have rather tenuous foundations, and the reader is entitled to wonder if Sanderson has guessed correctly.

The selection of the title would appear to be a happy one, if the connotation of the word "treasure" is taken into account. The dictionary does not give a definition to support the suggestion which comes to mind when one hears of "hidden treasure" or "pirate treasure" but there is the idea involved, in such instances, that perhaps there is no such thing in existence. In other words, to believe in "hidden treasure" requires faith and imagination. Just so, if the reader believes that "treasure" lies within the covers of Sanderson's book, his faith will make its discovery easy. It is too bad that some of this treasure, for all its glitter, turns out to be "fool's gold."

Lack of space prohibits citing in detail some of the statements made by Sanderson which do not stand up well upon analysis. These have been brought out in other reviews, the most telling of which appeared in the *Scientific Monthly* for January, 1938. If the present review seems unduly severe, it should be pointed out that only a museum or kindred institution has the data to review a book such as Sanderson's, and a discussion from such a source must expect to be taken seriously. The publicity given the book makes it necessary to face the issue squarely. If Sanderson is right, the museums are wrong. It may be that the appearance of *Animal Treasure* will mark an epoch in field biology, and expeditions will be dated B. S. or A. S., before or after Sanderson, but this reviewer believes that most field men will still prefer to follow the old methods even if they do not produce best sellers.

H. E. ANTHONY.

THE HUMAN VALUE OF BIOLOGY

- - - - - - - - - - by Johan Hjort

Harvard University Press, $2.50

DR. JOHAN HJORT, the distinguished Norwegian biologist, has long been one of the foremost students of marine biology, especially in its practical application to the fish and whale industries. He was selected as one of the few biologists to take a leading part in the Harvard Tercentenary ceremonies. While visiting Cambridge he revised in the form of the present book, the series of lectures which he had presented before the younger students at the biological laboratory at the University of Oslo. The title of these collected lectures is ambiguous and should read "A Biologist's Philosophical Outlook on Life." It is Doctor Hjort's thesis that biology should be interpreted by biologists and not by philosophies derived from physics and mathematics. Hence a considerable part of these collected lectures deals with the interpretation of biology in the light of classical philosophies.

Perhaps the most stimulating part of the book deals with the biological discoveries which Doctor Hjort and his associates have made. It is impressive to learn that tens of thousands of fishermen working in a limited area have not been able to affect the fluctuation of the fish population while a slight change in climate has been able to produce an enormous reduction in numbers, merely by modifying the food of the younger stages of the fish. There are principles in the rise and fall of populations which apply to both fish and man, and it is Doctor Hjort's thesis that rational sociology including both politics and government should take cognizance of these principles. He illustrates this thesis by presenting a story of the rise of the prawn industry in Norway which was made possible by the biological discoveries he made.

Doctor Hjort summarizes his views with a statement that those who would serve society best should direct their efforts toward "liberating those who suffer from want of intellectual activity in their work, the greatest of all social diseases."

G. K. N.

THE STORY OF 20th CENTURY EXPLORATION

- - by Charles E. Key, F. R. G. S.

Alfred A. Knopf, $3.50

THIS composite narrative of the conquest of the last great geographical mysteries is an informative and absorbing book written by a man who has specialized in history and geography in Cambridge University. He has drawn not only from the voluminous published records of expeditions but from privately printed documents and letters, but he does not burden the book with details which do not either enhance the dramatic effect or illustrate typical problems encountered in the various regions discussed.

Probably no equal period in history can show such extensive exploratory achievements as those of the recent decades chosen by this author, and his book well shows the strides that have been made lately in the methods of exploration.

As the story unfolds we see the airplane, the motor car, and the radio taking their place, and the nature of the objectives likewise undergoes a change. But the author devotes more attention to the scaling of unclimbed peaks and the charting of unmapped territory than to discoveries of buried cities, primitive tribes or dinosaur graveyards. If more emphasis seems to be laid on the more dramatic, mobile expeditions with objectives chiefly geographical than on the intensive scientific aspects of many present-day expeditions, let it be remembered that exploration has only recently emerged from the "flag-planting" era and that without the strong spirit of adventure that accompanies the pioneer work, the scientific achievements that follow would not be possible.

E. M. W.

EARLY MAN

Edited by George Grant MacCurdy

J. B. Lippincott Company, $5.00

THIS unique volume is made up of thirty-six brief, clear-cut essays dealing with practically all aspects of the origin, the antiquity, and the development of early man and of his culture. Originally of greater length, these are papers read, in large part by leading world authorities, at the International Symposium held to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia in March of last year. Geographically speaking, the entire world is dealt with in one way or another, but the emphasis is naturally on the American continent and its long-standing unsolved archaeological problems.

No one man could write an adequate review of all these more or less technical expositions; but, on the other hand, were the widely divergent topics parcelled out to specialists the results would exceed the space here available. It must suffice therefore to state that of the round three dozen papers three are devoted to Europe, seven to Asia, one to Africa, three to Indonesia (Java), one to the Pacific Islands, one to South America, and sixteen to the United States. These localizable presentations, together with three purely topical papers, cover almost every imaginable type of material evidence having bearing on "early man" as presented by experts in geology, climatology, botany, vertebrate and invertebrate zoology, paleontology, human osteology, and material culture. Dealt with, for example, are such refined subjects as geochronology, Pleistocene stratigraphy, pollen analysis, Post-glacial forests, marine and fresh water mullusca, Pleistocene and Post-glacial mammals, transpacific migration, and, naturally enough, all the newly found evidence bearing on the antiquity of man in America.

This latter problem is viewed from many different angles, cultural and environmental, and is brought to a fairly clear, though divided, focus. On the one hand, the external evidence, particularly the Old World environmental conditions favoring migration to the New World, is by some authors regarded as pointing to a very late Post-glacial arrival, dated by Dr. H. J. Spinden at about 2500 B.C. On the other hand, the internal evidence—the various recent archaeological discoveries in both North and South America—are by others held to point even more definitely to an early Post-glacial date, which some would carry back all of fifteen or twenty thousand years. To the disinterested student a compromise seems inevitable. The truth more than likely lies somewhere between the two extremes.

N. C. NELSON.

NATURE P
AROUND TI
- - - - - - - -
D. Appleton-Ce
MR. MORRIS
book that is
tise on nature
has prepared an
teur (and profe
lives in the nort
country. It is wri
original style, is
servation, and co
photographs whi
topics discussed.
size the author's
of this kind.
The introducto
equipment essen
photography, an
the comparative
ous types of can
and other acce
twelve chapters
of the variety
hunted with t
month of the
month discussed
spring and the
ists' year. Some
of the life of fiel
back-yard, seas
water pond an
with some relat
aid in fairly ac
gestive notes a
in photography
interrupt the
matter. The m
documented wit
exposure, shutte
This is a book
which merits th
ists. It is delig
HOW TO
BY THEIR
- - - - - -
Modern
HERALDE
of hand
Austrian who
University of
the Sigmund
Psycho-Analysi
Intuition rath
seems to be Dr
ing the 50,000
to comprise hi
those of some
people.
Dr. Ranald
teller's method
in the section
at Hands" in
medical interp
of the hand, a
on more plau
all in all, th
makes good ra
or parlor am
YOUR NEW

c" batteries,
ls *all* spaces
g material,
h or paper
d cells. The
and *longer*
batteries—
ur of use.

APANY, INC.
ork 17, N. Y.
Corporation

" and "Mini-Max"
on Company, Inc.

ADY

hen geniuses
yourself feel
vsy at parties,
ies, etc., they
e a NoDoz
kener tablet
wake up!
Harmless
as coffee

Your Gift
E SHIPPER
lity oranges and
u want—order
r of T.C.P.A. Look
A. emblem—write
ment folders of
ped by members.
RETARY, TEXAS
CKAGE ASS'N.
5, Harlingen, Texas.

executives
orporation

emp or e unrea e o ywo
Nevertheless, Author Priestley manages to fit into his story a stirring boy-meets-girl romance, a stunning film star, and a gang of hearty Yorkshiremen that any Hollywood director would love to get his hands on.

Collected Curios

ANIMAL TALES (510 pp.)—*Compiled by Ivan T. Sanderson—Knopf* ($5).

In 1900 a prehistoric mammoth was discovered in the ice of northern Siberia. Russian and German scientists hastened to study the body, then approximately 50,000 years old. Other frozen Pleistocene Age mammals had been found from time to time, but this one was so well preserved that half-chewed leaves and grasses still clung to its teeth. Its hide was covered with long, reddish-brown woolly hair. The hind legs measured nearly 50 inches from sole to knee, and weighed about 350 pounds each. The scientists had the "great satisfaction," one of them reported, of finding even the genitals "in the best possible condition. . . . We stood speechless in front of this evidence of the prehistoric world."

This frozen-mammoth report is one of the many curious items in *Animal Tales.* Young (35) British Naturalist Ivan T. Sanderson has gathered material from all over the world for his anthology—sober science as well as "impossible fantastic fiction." In an elaborate series of prefatory remarks, he tries to explain and analyze his selections. The best of them need no analysis; the worst are merely gushy pieces about friendly yaks and darling koala bears. Among the best selections:

¶ Francis Trevelyan Buckland's notes on British rats, from his *Curiosities of Natural History.*

¶ Archibald S. ("Grey Owl") Belaney's account of two housebroken Canadian beavers.

¶ Jean-Henri Fabre's observations on the life and loves of the Languedoc scorpion.

¶ W. H. Hudson's *Biography of the Viscacha,* an Argentine burrowing rodent, from his *Naturalist in La Plata.*

Order today . . . Enclose check, or Money Order. No Stamps Pl

The Country St
DEPT Y-43 of Beverly Hills
P.O. BOX 551 BEVERLY HILLS, CAL

Discomfort from Loose
DENTAL PLAT

If you can't wear your plates co because of soreness, if plate loosene eating difficult—see your dentist, he qualified to correct the condition whi your trouble.

Until you do this you can get temporary aid in holding plates mo and preventing sore spots, due to loo acid irritation, with FASTEETH.

FASTEETH is a pleasant tasting powder that will give you added sec comfort by holding your plates tighter firmly in place. Get FASTEETH toda drug store.

FOR SALE
WESTERN MONTANA RA

In Deer Lodge River Valley, 32,000 acre grade sheep and cattle pasture and crop completely fenced, profitably operate years. Midway between Butte and H four miles from Deer Lodge, served b railroads and highway.

Two complete sets of buildings for e operation. Modern 7-room brick ranch brick bunk houses, lambing sheds, corrals, etc., at home ranch. Complete ment, modern machinery, sixty work an dle horses.

Over 2,000 acres under
water rights, forest
Capacity 7,300 sheep

Address inquiries to W
Harris Trust and

The Atlantic Monthly

Dec 1937

page Vol 160 #6

p 886

The BOOKSHELF

ANIMAL TREASURE
by Ivan T. Sanderson

[Viking, $3.00]

MODERN books on African travel usually fall into one or other of two categories. In one group are those in which the author is so preoccupied in the verification of his statements that many years elapse before publication; when at last the book appears it has lost in vividness what it has gained in accuracy. Such a work is consulted by residents of the region with which it deals, and upon whose shelves it survives to an honorable old age. The other type consists of books based on first impressions — notoriously the most vivid — and sets forth the author's reactions to his new environment while incidents are fresh in his mind. Such books are usually the more readable and serve a larger public.

Animal Treasure falls naturally into the second category. In this well-illustrated volume, Sanderson records with facile pen the experiences of himself and two companions during nearly a year spent in the British Cameroons. Landing at Calabar, they proceeded to the zoölogically little-known Mamfe district in search of mammals, frogs, and smaller fry. The virgin forests of this region are proverbially rich in wild life, and that the party's efforts were crowned with success we know from the scientific results already published.

In *Animal Treasure*, however, it is the everyday experiences of the collectors and the characteristics of their captures which are set forth with a wealth of dramatic detail. Many of the incidents are amusing in the extreme — as, for example, what resulted from the horsefly puncturing George when the latter, with both gunbarrels at full cock, had his attention riveted on the forest canopy; the shooting of a domestic cow, which collided with the cookhouse, under the impression that it was a dangerous bush buffalo. We are told how natives use chopped-up whiskers of leopards for eliminating their enemies, and how they entangle pieces of luminous centipedes in their wool to light their homeward way.

Very scornful is our author of the stay-at-home zoölogist, and only a little less so of certain field collectors. Du Chaillu comes in for a rich share of this censure, but, where that pioneer extracted his thrills from gorillas, Sanderson found them in spiders. Of one hairy species he writes that it is 'about the size of my two fists held together' and it took 'six-foot leaps . . . at anybody who approached it. . . . As it did so, I felt the most terrifying coldness come over me. In a flash I let out a scream of pure terror and fell sideways into the ditch. Luckily I moved to the left, for the giant spider just brushed by my right ear so that I felt its loathsome furry coldness as it shot through the air to land beyond the ditch.' Then follows what might have happened. . . .

Unfortunately sweeping generalizations are by no means confined to biological speculations. While one can fully sympathize with the author in his regrets at the replacement of virgin forest by ugly townships, one cannot but deplore the uncharitable censure of 'the drab houses and grim workshops of the dull Europeans who have colonized Africa — as they call it — in order the better to raise their unwanted progeny.'

The African continent comprises eleven million square miles, but after ten months' experience of a very small area Sanderson feels fully qualified to agree with a chief that Christianity is 'the bane of present-day Africa.' And of another chief we are told that 'he soon observed . . . that I had almost as virulent a dislike of Christians as he had.' Perhaps, then, we are justified in concluding that prejudice rather than calm objective observations is responsible for his views, and that after all Livingstone, Schweitzer, and many another have not lived and labored in vain.

A. LOVERIDGE

THE THIRD REICH
by Henri Lichtenberger, tr. by Koppel S. Pinson

[Greystone Press, $3.00]

BITTER irony and sparkling fireworks might well be expected in a book by a Frenchman on Hitler's Germany. But M. Lichtenberger, distinguished French interpreter of German literature and culture, has written the most fair-minded study of the ideas and feelings behind National-Socialist Germany which has yet come to hand. His treatment is free from the fanciful interpretations by which so many discussions of contemporary Germany are marred.

HENRI LICHTENBERGER

There prevails in France at the moment a rather unusual interest in the Nazi dictatorship. Though Lichtenberger does not touch upon it, the glories of the Napoleonic era are dimly reflected in Hitler's rising influence. But apart from such risky historical parallels an undercurrent of sympathetic comment on Hitler has appeared amongst right-wing Frenchmen. Lichtenberger himself says: 'Certain groups "oriented to the right" . . . have been seized with tenderness for the dictatorship established across the Rhine by Hitler.' The movement toward the left has profoundly disturbed French conservative circles, has threatened their sense of security even more than Hitler's Germany. These people have watched with deep distrust Blum's

The Atlantic
Dec 1937 Vol 160 #6
p 890+

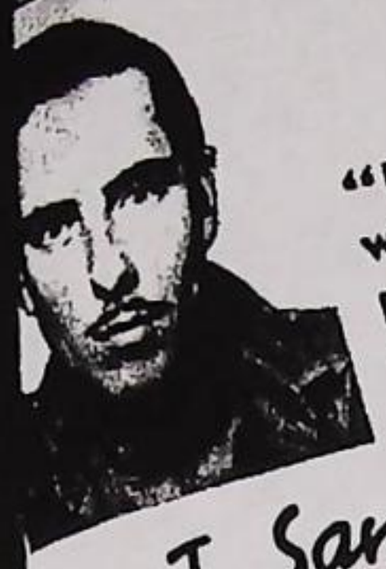
sure. Robert Francis
depart from this rule.
nassuming limits, give
ely, to the point of de-

appearance, he has
; perhaps he did not
rally and unaffectedly
g enough to be unpre-
ggestion of stridency,
distinctness. His best
se, each presenting its
ea with welcome whole-
exceptions aside, Mr.
mplete say, simply and
ore. He knows also an-
t point of the art: how
. He does not need to
all that he has to con-
em as a product of art:
he *specific scene* do all
ing left over to demand
sitor or moralist. Mr.
uired these virtues at
his career only by pay-
ne readers will feel that
ness at the cost of being
the poems in this vol-
t profundity is not the
ble that Mr. Francis al-
dities in human experi-
He has an exquisite
of nature, but is not
d to the descriptive
y by which so many
e versifiers are circum-
d. The question about
s, no doubt, how deeply
e penetrate into human
How warmly can he
t? The question can be
o subsequent proof with-
the more serious poems
e by no means discourag-
Francis has summed up
classical simplicity: —

und

bound
end me
end me.
ll
's intent
sprung
e hand
or tongue.
I stand
he event.

et who should be encour-
ard Weismiller. He is as
iptive, as the title of his



"Let your daily companions be who they will, not one of them will be better company or more endowed with contagious vitality than this 27 year old author"

Ivan T. Sanderson urbane young scientist, is the subject of the above quotation from Dorothy Canfield's review of *Animal Treasure*. "Few magic carpets take us farther away than this one, from the old worn, too-familiar limitations of our daily lives," she says of the delightful exploration he headed in successful search of strange creatures which scientists only guessed existed. With Sanderson as our genial and eager guide we share the surprises and wonders of his expedition, the strange perfection of jungle life. His beautiful drawings, the magic of his amusing prose make his book more than just informative—make it page after page of wonderful reading. September Book-of-the-Month. 2 colors. 36 ills. $3

ANIMAL TREASURE

THE VIKING PRESS

Last month a unique novel was published to the accompaniment of high praise from high literary places. J. Donald Adams, Carl van Doren, Henry Seidel Canby, Dorothy Canfield, Harry Hansen, Clifton Fadiman led an immediate national reception. Today, Jean Giono and his novel, **THE SONG OF THE WORLD,** are the subjects of excited discussion among lovers of great reading. $2.50

BRUNO FRANK one of Europe's foremost writers, tells the dramatic story of a German Prince who dared to oppose the nation which his ancestors once had ruled. A novel of love and adventure alive with vital, current significance. $2.50

LOST HERITAGE

Italy AND *Russia*

Prof. G. A. Borgese's story of Italian Fascism tells brilliantly the history of the Italian mind from Dante to Mussolini. $3

GOLIATH

Lion Feuchtwanger's recent visit to Russia described for his friends in an impartial and revealing book. $2.00

MOSCOW 1937

Vol 18 #20 page 5
Saturday 10¢/copy

or France thanks to Dr.
a translator. As a con-
he general attitude to mental
the public has got from
idea of psychic determinism
that psychic events have
fects, and there is a growing
eality of psychological facts

ican and how new all this is
If we contrast with such
Brown's and "Jim Curran's"
autobiography of a German
ghteen nineties, Senatspräsi-
reber's "Denkwürdigkeiten
kranken." Of the hospital Dr.
tes only in terms of his de-
ugh he is appreciative of his
forts. His psychological per-
xtraordinarily sensitive, and
n he gives of his experience
ergang, of his hallucinatory
God, and of his pathological
ons makes his book an out-
jective case history. But of
social intention that char-
rizes the Americans there is
race. In fact the sole social
ose that is served was en-
y through the familiar-
ess of standing and waiting
was certainly unintentional.
chiatrists are more ham-
d than most in their writing
onsiderations of professional
retion. These considerations
d not apply to the use of
Schreber's case history and
as used and given fame by
essor Freud, who employed
a text for the exposition of
heory of paranoia.
e two new American books
written in the spirit of books
r 'cuckoo' land," writes Mr
is story proceeds as if with
m from his stay at Bloom-
s journey to Europe. "Jim
: "A traveler who returns
e country sets down his ex-
makes certain observations
impressions of that country.
I have done." And William
the spirit of a fellow ex-
butes the preface to "Jim
k. A traveler has a different
a exile, and in the recent
less of Mr. Beers's zeal for
more naturalist's curiosity
country" was very good to
them; and both earnestly
ll who are like themselves
and prejudice and take the

riking accord of their atti-
spital it might be supposed
vn and "Jim Curran" were
us, but externally certainly
case. Mr. Brown was sixty-

(Continued on page 16)

45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Secretary. Subscription, $3.50
nder the Act of March 3, 1879

HYRAX, OR CONEY. *Drawing by Ivan T. Sanderson, from "Animal Treasure."*

Incredible Nature

ANIMAL TREASURE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT IS certainly not because of any competence in exotic natural history, or in the British Cameroons, for which exotic is too mild a word, that I undertake to review this book. But rather —since Mr. Sanderson's reliability as a scientific investigator is established—because the adventurousness, the humor, the easy narrative of his extraordinary experiences might be overlooked by a zoologist too excited by the discoveries of new forms of life to note the literary quality of this book.

A little fed up with the dead measurements of his science (he agrees with Thoreau that to *look at* and to *see* an animal are not always the same), Mr. Sanderson, having acquired knowledge and scientific method, went off on an expedition of his own. He chose one of the wildest and unhealthiest parts of Africa, where the savage assemblies syncopated his jazz records with their own drums, where bats were as large as eagles, hollow trees were museums of new varieties of life, and where the frog, I should say, had reached the peak of his evolution. No one who reads this book will ever forget the frogs of every color and eccentricity, or think that nature has shown him all her cards in warm-blooded wild life. And spiders as big as a cheek that jump six feet at you—and leopards leaving their scent on tree pathways a hundred feet above the ground where the author at night, with an electric torch in his mouth, is following unnamed creatures amidst excited monkeys, sometimes grasping a snake instead of a branch—and dead melancholy gorillas—and unknown water monsters bearing spears full of a powder that fizzes like bromo-seltzer.

I do not know why this book is more fascinating than any naturalist's exploration book I have read, unless it be that Mr. Sanderson was not looking for elephants, or antelope, or lions, or any of the big "beef" (everything is good "beef" or bad "beef" in the Cameroons) that big-game hunters write about. He was looking for life—the smaller, the less known, the less obvious the better. And in that lush heat life sprouted everywhere, gave away its secrets, exhibited its eccentricities, displayed its strange lusts for both ugliness and beauty. And also, because while he was searching for certain rare phenomena which would help scientists to solve certain problems they had isolated, his own interest was in behavior. He took as much pains to learn how an animal ran, fed, loved, looked in its native condition, as to find out what was its name and its place in the evolutionary scale. It was this study of behavior which kept him in a series of adventures, some of which will raise the down upon sedentary readers' spines.

There seems, indeed, to be a thesis behind this book. The classificationists have come near to the end of their usefulness. Although Mr. Sanderson was working for them, it is clear that his book is the record of a mind that sees unlimited areas of ignorance surrounding animals alive and uncaptured, not dead or immobilized. He does not think that even yet we know much about wild nature away from man's controls. And it is this pioneer quality in an imagination disciplined by orthodox science that gives to "Animal Treasure" its humor, its zest, and its constant intimations of a new world of living that is even more exciting than Africa.

Doctor's Dilemma

THE CITADEL. By A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

FOR the theme of this, his fourth novel, Dr. Cronin has drawn on his experiences in the study and practice of medicine and has given us a vivid portrait of an intelligent, hard-headed young physician struggling to gain a foothold in his profession. A theme hardly unusual enough to cause the British medical lions to rear on their hind legs as they did and yelp a passionate protest. The crux of the matter lies of course in the fact that the author in its telling committed the unpardonable offense of dragging from the medical fraternity's closet its own privately sequestered skeletons. Behavior hardly "cricket," to say the least, from one who is himself an admitted disciple of Esculapius!

Andrew Manson comes straight from his lecture rooms and textbooks to a mining community in South Wales to act as medical assistant to a paralyzed doctor employed by the mine owners. His post soon becomes unendurable, but it nevertheless brings into his life two persons destined to have a lasting influence on his fate—the gallant little Chris, whom he marries; and the sardonic, disillusioned Denny, with whom he criminally but safely dynamites the town's typhoid-laden sewer when pleas prove unavailing. He advances to a larger mining community and to a broader field of work. Soon he is hot on the scent of an exciting research into the lung diseases of miners. As was the case in his first position, he is frustrated again and again by the jealousies, indifference, and supineness of both his young associates and his superiors, and his impotent rages serve merely to arouse their antagonistic resistance. Eventually, he leaves the mines for a paid position with the Coal and Metalliferous Miners' Fatigue Board. Now at last he thinks his opportunity has come, his research assured. There is rich satire in Cronin's account of the Board and its officers, and of the meeting wherein Andrew's proposals are respectfully but firmly shelved in the interests of bandage surveys. Andrew needs money, so he swallows his chagrin; and buoyed up somewhat by the irrepressible laboratory worker Hope, devotes himself to bandages until he has accumulated enough to start at last on his own in London.

Repeated discouragements—all so futilely unnecessary—have dulled some of Andrew's freshness and faith, and now when he is thrown with private practitioners whose suavities and personal charm have proven far more potent promotional factors than his painfully acquired knowledge and skill, all magic

Vol LXXXXII page 248

#1192

The New Republic

Wed

tellectuals and petty merchants!); its diminishing birth rate; its abysmal poverty; its feeble religious life; its direneed for new areas of settlement which cannot be found. He appraises the menace of fascism and communism.

For himself, he looks forward, as did the prophets of old, to a new internationalism—a "new superior human unity" after the crash of our present nationalist order. He foresees a new socialism, "as yet unpredictable" and "differing greatly from its present Russian models." And he concludes with genuine prophetic optimism that, despite and indeed through suffering, "the Jewish people and their religion *are* going to survive." Meanwhile, even as he interprets the past in a spirit of moderated orthodoxy, he counsels for the immediate future a sane balance between tradition and innovation. New paths must be opened, but the old messianic goal must not be abandoned.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL.

Perfidious Albion

England Expects Every American to Do His Duty, by Quincy Howe. New York: Simon and Schuster. 250 pages. $2.

IT USED to be a thesis of Mr. Alleyne Ireland that the United States has never been independent. Certainly after the treaty of Ghent the United States quickly resumed its colonial status. Most of the foreign money needed for the development of the virgin territory came from London, and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street exercised the power of the creditor in American finance. The common inheritance of language and literature operated to make American culture parasitic. Where British and American political interests came into sharp conflict, as in Mexico, there was tension; and in the Civil War Great Britain put her money on the wrong horse. Now and then the vague sense of being used became an acute irritation to the American public, but it was soothed by British balm, of which no better example can be found than Lord Salisbury's courteous refusal to take seriously President Cleveland's rodomontade over Venezuela.

From the time when Canning set Secretary John Quincy Adams at work to pull the chestnuts out of the South American fire, the history of American diplomacy shows constant marks of British influence, the most recent instance being Mr. Hull's imposition of an embargo against the Spanish Republic. Twice this influence has been potent in leading the United States into war—first when Sir Julian Pauncefote brought to naught the effort of European ambassadors to halt our disgraceful affair with Spain, and second when we were eased into the World War. In the latter case the financial whip had passed into American hands, and it was a triumph of subtlety to make us use it to scourge ourselves. Now, with another world war in the offing, it is more than ever vital for Britain to maintain and control the power of the United States in world affairs.

Mr. Howe explains the British network, cultural and social, by which this control is maintained, and draws illustrations of its present exercise. He examines the declining state of the British Empire and finds its only salvation in the continuance of a relation with the United States that will logically lead to an alliance in case of war. His conclusion is that we have the choice between fighting the battle of Great Britain for the continuance of a *status quo* in which it remains an imperial power, or maintaining our aloofness and letting nature take its course. Mr. Howe leaves us in no doubt as to his own view, based upon the essentially immoral character of the British Empire, as illustrated by the exploitation of India, the undermining of China, the rape of the Boer republics, and upon the specious pretense that an alliance with it means anything for democracy. Such an association with a body already eaten by gangrene exposes us to infection from its corruption. It deprives us of our participation in the new life of the world to spring from a new social order.

It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Howe, but it is necessary to recognize clearly the dilemma. If cultural, financial and political forces are strong enough to keep us within the orbit of the British system, at least let us know clearly that we do so for our own reasons based on the kind of world we want. Never again must we surrender, as once before, the independence of the United States to the influence of British propaganda, the arrogance of British interference with our legislatures, courts and cabinets, the treachery of ambassadors, or the subservience of those whom Mr. Lamont felicitously describes as "the best people who lived along the Eastern seaboard."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Man of the Forest

Animal Treasure, by Ivan T. Sanderson. New York: The Viking Press. 325 pages. $3.

MR. SANDERSON'S book has the subtitle: "A Naturalist in Search of Strange Creatures." And that, exactly, is what he is. Sparing us the tedious first chapters of most exploration books—the detailed description of equipment and food, the voyage out, the establishment of a base, the supposed-to-be-amusing antics of the natives—Mr. Sanderson begins where he ought to begin: in the forest.

His particular forest, in "Animal Treasure," is the British Cameroons in West Africa. The reason for the expedition, he tells us, was his conviction that most methods of zoölogical research were outmoded. He felt that enough data had been assembled, and that what was needed was more first-hand observation of living animals in their natural surroundings. "Animal Treasure" proves the correctness of Mr. Sanderson's point of view. Concise, intelligent, often witty and constantly interesting, it is particularly appealing to those who have been led to believe that African wild life is composed solely of big game and tse-tse flies. The author is most interested in small creatures presumed to be of interest only to zoölogists and scarcely ever mentioned in most accounts of expeditions—the hairy frog, the scaly ant-eater, the whistling skink.

These, and many other strange and little-known creatures, are the cast of characters. Not content with the animals to be found in the underbrush, the author and his two associates scaled the highest trees to observe "the flying continent"; and then to discover what lived beneath the jungle floor, they rolled back a marsh, "like the crust of a pie," pulling out rare finds from the two-foot topsoil.

Mr. Sanderson found new species, settled controversies of long standing and collected—one presumes—a substantial body of scientific data. Only on this score can one find fault with "Animal Treasure." Mr. Sanderson is too good a naturalist to skimp, and yet he seems to have studiously avoided any detailed examination of the scientific questions he himself brings up—either this or he was prevailed upon by his editor to cut his book for the benefit of the general reader. In either case, one wishes that he had given us some of the notes that he turned in to the British Museum.

ETOLIA BASSO

Shadow on the L
York: Reynal and
Ten Million Am
Philadelphia: J. B.

PERHAPS the
health educatio
mask from the "Gr
by Sir William Osl
almost every disease
tor of the venereal-c
lic Health Service, I
York State, and m
Parran, the author
leadership of the hi
and in efforts to ex
to the light of publi
a timely, straightfo
plications for the in
Dr. Parran obse
the syphilitic with
syphilis is no respe
fections are acquire
ber of unnecessary
or handicap date ba
adequately treated
the United States
taboos interfere; m
early, curable stage
treatment or are r
disease). Too many
the incompetent; all
(at least one-half m
syphilitic); end res
dependent, the deli
important item is
mothers in the Unit
yet the assertion is
that syphilis can be
This curable dis
than scarlet fever,
hundred times as fr
sis. It is believed
insanity, for 18 per
still-births and for
He gives us a sin
government, profess
drugs and facilities
for treating cases an
of doing them we
Emphasis is given
scientifically as a
t is; rather than
which it often is no
body's business. Th
ent status; that
fflicted by the dise
r clever enough to
"Ten Million A
ealing exclusively
rofessor of Derma
f Chicago. It is in
o special knowledg
nformation is give
urses, social worke

Section 7

A Very Large Time With Very Small Animals in Africa

"Animal Treasure" Combines the Felicities of a Thriller With Absorbing Natural History

Dwarf Leaf-Toad or "Incredible Frog."

ANIMAL TREASURE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Illustrated with drawings by the author. 325 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $3.

By HANS C. ADAMSON

"ANIMAL TREASURE" is a well-rounded and charmingly told story about the adventures and observations of three young naturalists in British Camaroons. It proves that there is something new under the sun—even in highly exploited and much-explored Africa.

Up to now the major portion of African literature—from Stanley's "Dark Continent" to Akeley's "Brightest Africa"—has dealt mainly with elephants and lions, rhinos and gorillas plus the great herds of game of the plains against the colorful and compelling background of native tribes in war and peace. All of it interesting. Much of it important and instructive. Most of it, alas, written by explorers who saw only animal life through the sights on their rifles.

There are, to be sure, noteworthy exceptions from this school of shot and slaughter. The two most outstanding were Carl Akeley and Martin Johnson. Both these sterling Africanders have passed into the blue, leaving no one to pick up the pen which both loved better than gun—the pen with which they preserved for future generations the rapidly vanishing wilderness of the veldt.

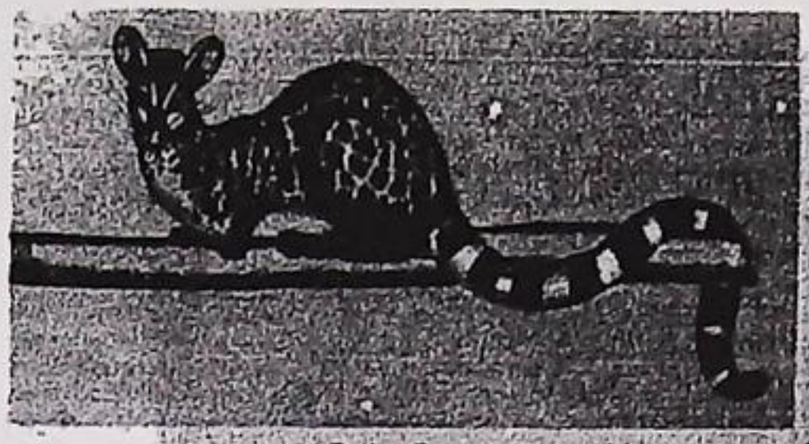
No one to take their place! Well, maybe there is. For now, out of the dense forests of little-known West Africa, comes Ivan Sanderson, a young Scotsman, who has an ear for the voice of Africa, an eye for its beauty, patience with its faults and a glorious gift for stringing words together.

But the Africa of Akeley and Johnson is as different from Sanderson's as the sunlit plains of Serrengetti from the shadowy pools of the jungle. Sanderson's Africa is the Africa of little things that live in holes in the ground, beneath dead-falls and rocks, in the hollows of rotted trees, in the interlocking branches and swaying tops of thick forests; the Africa of nightmare creatures that bite and sting, spit and scratch; the Africa of crabs, cats and bats; hogs and rats—ants, flies and frogs; monkeys, mice, snakes and shrews—a whole Noah's Ark of little things, and most of them unsavory, that creep, crawl, glide and slide.

"Animal Treasure" is one of those dusk-to-dawn books that hold the reader in its grip until the last line of the last chapter has been reached. Still, for those who absorb the stuff from which dreams are made from the printed page, it is hardly recommended for bedtime consumption. But if you (as this reviewer has) happen to have a sneaking fondness for books that make your flesh creep, you will find in "Animal Treasure" all the crawling horrors of a top-notch ghost story combined with the dangers and pitfalls of a high-speed murder thriller.

What, for instance, could be more ghastly than the experience Sanderson had one night when he came upon a veritable army of land crabs feeding upon the carcass of a giant rat? He recounts how the beam of his torch picked up a heaving sea of hundreds of staring, ghostlike forms, scrambling like vultures, clanking their armored bellies and limbs—a seething mass of shiny shells, crunching claws and clambering legs.

Among the most arresting incidents in the book is the story of the hollow tree which sheltered a weird assortment of creatures. They were driven out by smoke and escaped from their holes like frantic apartment dwellers trapped by fire—snakes, lizards, squirrels, whip-scorpions, snails—all clambering out at their best speeds.



Pardine Genet.

As for thrills, there was the time when Sanderson actually laughed his way out of what threatened to become a very nasty encounter with baboons, or the occasion when he came upon a mob of whip-scorpions deep in a cave inhabited by hammer-headed bats, or his set-to with a giant hairy spider which came within a millimeter of sinking its deadly fangs into his face, or the spitting serpent whose poison burned his clothes like a powerful acid. Little things, all of them, but as deadly and formidable in attack as a charging elephant or a rhino on a homicidal rampage.

However, "Animal Treasure" is not a book devoted entirely to hair-raising adventure, although it is richly larded with goose-flesh episodes. It is spiced with humor and enriched with descriptive passages which frequently attain heights of real beauty. The latter is particularly the case in the chapters in which Mr. Sanderson describes the great green forest in which he and his associates, one George Russell and a rather nebulous individual casually identified as The Duke, conducted their field research for many weeks.

From cover to cover the book is interesting to the lay-reader aside from such additional value as it may have to the advancement of natural history science. Despite the easy vein in which it is written, the backbone of "Animal Treasure" is fashioned out of the competent and careful investigations of three men who knew what they wanted and who accomplished their task with stubborn determination. They suffered from fever and other diseases. They were plagued by insects and robbed by vermin. But even as they endured misery, so they also had their reward—the thrill which comes to those who succeed in prying into the secrets of nature. Through patience and skill Sanderson and his colleagues won first-row seats in the theatre of the jungle and were privileged to see repertoire for which Mother Nature sets the scene and—as a reviewer of the play—Ivan Sanderson does a brilliant job.

In selecting his field of operation, Sanderson deliberately picked a part of Africa noted for its bad climate and miserable living conditions. His theory was that even explorers are apt to follow the easiest way when it

(Continued on Page 20)

Three-Horned Chameleon.

The Illustrations Are From Drawings by the Author for "Animal Treasure."

The England That Is Always Going

OLD ENGLAND. By R. H. Mottram. Illustrated. 205 pp. New York: The Studio Publications, Inc. $2.50.

THIS book is illustrated with forty-eight reproductions of paintings of the old English scene, and in a sense it may be said to be written around the work of the landscape painters of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Certainly R. H. Mottram, writing with a novelist's skill in evocation, has looked at his country with an artist's eye. And the result is a book of suggestive charm and of beauty to be remembered, in picture and in text. Those older painters never saw a railway. And Mr. Mottram has written of the woods and fields and waterways that they looked out on, the silver setting of the sea with its sailboats, the farms and manor houses and villages they knew.

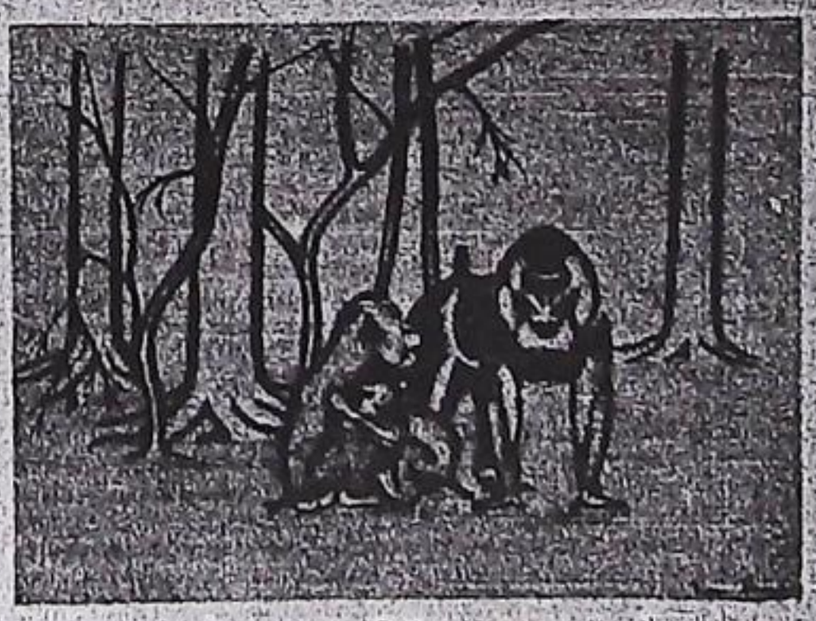
So in this book is the very texture of an England that cannot be forgotten, and that in truth has not yet vanished—that will not vanish, perhaps, for a long, long time. Indeed the beautiful, unsystematized roads of England, fallen into neglect during the era of the railway's absolute rule, have come into their own again with the motor car, and the English inn, which is "at once the subject of a controversy and the object of a cult," is being revived at the same time. Although England is an industrial country, agriculture was regarded as its main occupation until well into the nineteenth century, and until then Mr. Mottram calls agriculture the "main industry" of the nation. The English are town-dwellers now, and London is "a supreme example of English characteristics"; yet the village street is the people's oldest inheritance.

Mr. Mottram goes back to feudal days to write of castle and manor, and the common lands, and of cathedral and village church. He writes, too, of sport, and of social diversions, and of old and intimate industries. He shows us old bridges, and fishing boats, and tollgates of which each keeper "had to be a determined character and was often a doubtful one as well."

This is a lovely book. One wishes that it might be read by all travelers to England.

KATHERINE WOODS.

Long-Legged Marsh Rat.



Drills.

We don't just say— WE QUOTE:

From The Saturday Review:
GEORGE STEVENS

"The Town of Eatonville (Fla.) is as real in these pages as Jacksonville is in the pages of Rand McNally; and the lives of its people are rich, racy and authentic. There is nothing like it."

From The New Yorker:
CLIFTON FADIMAN

"The book has humor and tenderness, and the Negro dialogue is the realest I've read in years. You might (do well to) look into 'Their Eyes Were Watching God'."

From The Herald Tribune:
EDWARD WEEKS

"Among the books which deserve to be better known and may well reward the explorer, I put this first . . . a colloquial, unimpeachable novel of the South."

From The New York Post:
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

"I hope that readers who say they do not care to read stories about Negroes—why I can't understand—will not let their prejudices cheat them of the pleasure of reading a book so stirring as this."

And Says That Great Novelist:
FANNY HURST

"This is a book shot through with the lightning of an authentic talent. I am anxious to talk to you about it."

• • •

Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club. At all booksiores, $2.

THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD

By Zora N. Hurston

[illegible]

● The brazenly bold autobiography of a common sailor, who has trod the decks of the world in successful search for adventure *afloat!* $2.50

HARBOR NIGHTS

By Harvey Klemmer

● If you enjoyed "Good bye, Mr. Chips," be sure to read this exquisite, new adventure in character study: the story of a noble soul who comes to Canada in his later years, hoping to get away from arduous duties and live out his life in glorious, simple independence. At all bookstores, $2.

JOHN

By Irene Baird

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Small Game of Africa

(Continued from Page 3)

comes to personal comfort. As the British Cameroons, in the region he explored, are virtually zero when it comes to comforts of any kind, Sanderson figured that it might offer a real bonanza of unexplored animal treasure. The itemized record of his collections tends to prove that he was right. The expedition returned to England with no less than 7,000 animals comprising some 450 species, many so rare that they were entirely new to science. These specimens were turned over to the British museums and the other institutions which financed the epedition.

Ivan T. Sanderson.

Ivan Sanderson, still under 30, was born in Edinburgh, a city noted for its fogs, rains and raw winds. He says that he hated the climate and "craved the sun from pure cussedness." It was this craving which, through the years, gave Sandersbn a longing for hot and sunlit places —a craving that aroused his interest in nature and turned his thoughts toward exploration in tropical lands. If "Animal Treasure," fruit of an expedition conducted by Sanderson at the age of 25, is any criterion as to what he will accomplish in the future, then natural history science and the world of books owe Edinburgh a vote of thanks for having a climate that is cold and damp.

Hans C. Adamson is a member of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History.

The Nimble Dean

(Continued from Page 4)

The German bayonets are not for use against France, still less against ourselves. The Germans are honestly afraid of the immense Russian army and of a Communist rising within their own borders.

With urbane equanimity, the least dogmatic of deans analyzes alternatives to Christianity like fascism, communism and the "crank beliefs," on which he says:

The Englishman always rides some hobby. He travels through the world with one eye shut, hops all over it on one leg and plays his scales with one finger. He will defend the silliest opinion with a mint of learning and espouse the worst of causes on the highest principles.

The English are thus particularly susceptible to the "freak religions" of which the United States is "the happy hunting ground." We read:

[American] exports to this country include not only duchesses and chewing-gum but Christian Science, spiritualism, the group movement, and many such like things, some of which take as kindly to our climate as the musquash and the Colorado beetle.

Amid causes and crusades and creeds, the plain man is entitled, perhaps, to ask of a distinguished churchman what, if anything, he believes. He states his position—it can hardly be called his faith—in an address that he delivered to the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers in London. Religion, as defined by Dr. Inge, is whatever bridge carries a person from natural to the spiritual and back again. Not only do different people cross different bridges but the same person crosses a different bridge at successive periods of his career. "Our real religion," we are told, "is what life has taught us."

That Dr. Inge has a profound discernment of mysticism goes without saying among those who are acquainted with his writings. But his mind is no less skeptical of what mystics believe that they discern. A person prays for the recovery of a patient. "From the point of view of life insurance," based on actuarial returns, does that prayer make any difference? "As a matter of experience," no such "direct external influence can be traced." Over the investigations of Duke University into telepathy, Dr. Inge is puzzled. He cannot believe but does not know how to justify doubts.

Strange to say, Dr. Inge finds that his position is "most lucidly expounded" by Neo-Thomists in the Roman Catholic Church.

(When Gilson says . . . "Christian philosophy is the spirit of Christianity penetrating the Greek tradition, working within it, drawing out of it a certain view of the world" that is what I have always believed myself.

With a touch of asperity, he adds, "I neither know nor care what the venomous Roman Catholic journalists, who are always abusing me as an enemy of their church, may make of this." Dr. Inge sometimes pricks others until they bleed, and it is only equitable that he should bleed a little when he himself is pricked. The venom can hardly be described as deadly. But why should it be all on one side?

Just Published

Rupert Hughes says:

"Move over, Benvenuto Cellini

. . . and make room on the narrow shelf of great autobiographies for this self-life by David Edstrom, a rival of your genius in sculpture as in the revelation of himself and of the amazingly various people he has met."

THE priest who discovered a practical formula for resisting love . . . A stoker who hated everybody . . . The ugliest yet most charming woman in the world . . . A famous duellist who took sick at the sight of blood . . . A beautiful, scheming heiress who tortured men by telegraph—these are some of the variant human beings David Edstrom, sculptor, has met during a robust, absorbing, sometimes fantastic life. He has hobnobbed with both royalty and tramps, and with the celebrities of two continents. This is his story—the shamelessly honest self revelation of a genius, and of a man. Illustrated, $3.00. (By mail $3.18)

The Testament of Caliban

BY DAVID EDSTROM

Lord Dunsany's
My Ireland

"The book we have been hoping for all Dunsany's writing life."—HUMBERT WOLFE. An entrancing portrait of the Emerald Isle by her most distinguished man of letters. $2.50. (By mail $2.65)

Mania *By Lawrence M. Jayson*

This is a man's triumphant story of his winning battle against insanity. "Dementia Praecox", the doctors said when they took him to a sanitarium in a strait jacket. Eighteen months later he was well, and free, to write convincingly and artistically of his unique experience. $2.00. (By mail $2.15). *Just published.*

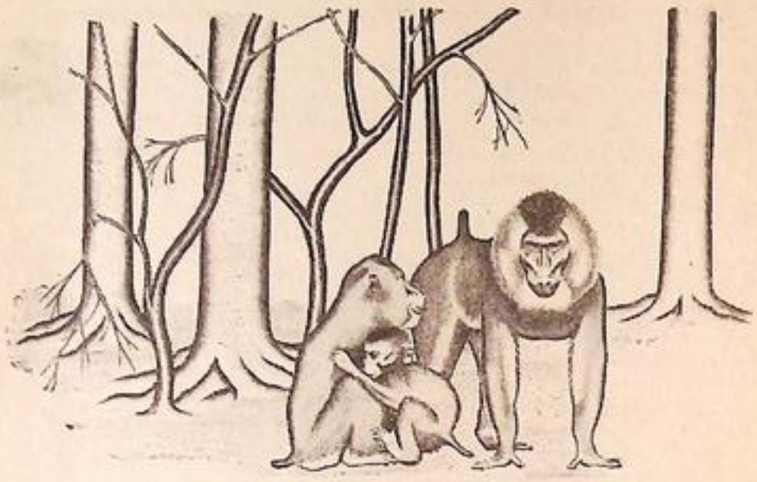
A Wanderer Till I Die *By Leonard Clark*

The superbly entertaining odyssey of an American aviator and soldier of fortune, a man who couldn't settle down and who'd rather take a chance than eat! Illustrated, $3.00. (By mail $3.15)

THE FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-360 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

How Do Animals Get To Be That Way?

Fascinating Accounts of Frogs, Shrews, Lemurs, Lizards and Other Unusual Creatures



ANIMAL TREASURE.
By Ivan T. Sanderson . . . *325 pp.*
New York: Viking Press . . . $3.

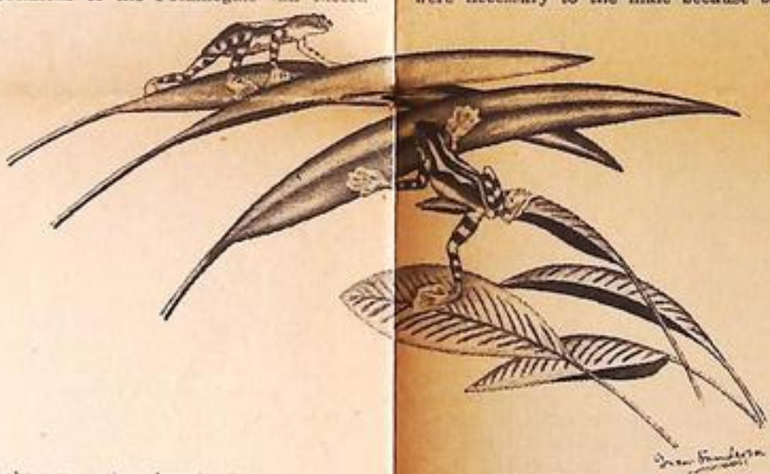
Reviewed by
CLIFFORD H. POPE
Author of "Snakes Alive"

IVAN T. SANDERSON has written a fascinating book on the animals of Africa without once telling about stopping the charge of lion, rhino or gorilla with high-powered rifle. This alone is an accomplishment of no small merit. Nevertheless, hippos, leopards and other large animals enter his story and there is an exciting account of a successful gorilla hunt. His book stands as additional proof that a frog or a shrew, a lemur or a lizard may be vastly more interesting than lion or rhino. He also convinces one that the truth about wild animals is quite as thrilling as the most carefully constructed fabrication.

At grade school Mr. Sanderson learned that "sunlight and palm trees encircle the earth's tummy like a girdle"; at the age of seventeen he succumbed to the call of the tropics and went on a collecting trip to the East Indies. There he worked long and hard but only on his return to learn at a great museum that all his labors had been merely a poor duplication of what the famous explorer and scientist Alfred Russel Wallace had accomplished many decades before. This first great shock to his youthful enthusiasm convinced him that something was wrong with expedition methods. He could not then fully determine what was wrong but soon afterward, at Cambridge, he received confirmation of his own half-formed theories. A professor explained that the progress of zoology can be divided into three stages: the *what*, the *how* and the *why* stages. A legion of collectors has enabled scientists at museums to get well through the first of these, thus preparing the way for the second which is being attacked chiefly by university physiologists and experimental zoologists.

All this showed what the trouble had been with his East Indian collecting. There he had merely contributed to the *what* stage just as Wallace had done so long before. The only course open was to figure out how an expedition might contribute to the *how* stage. This he did by planning to live in the "field" where experiments could be carried on and animals observed through the four seasons.

His next major difficulty was the selection of a place to work. He had learned that West Africa not only is the home of extremely interesting animals but the most unspoiled part of Africa as well. This settled the matter and he left for British Cameroons as leader of the Percy Sladen Expedition with seven major objectives: certain "innerds" of a flying squirrel and of a lemur; skins and skulls of leopards; data on the breeding habits of wormlike burrowing amphibians called cœcilians; specimens of the Potamogale (an exceedingly rare water shrew) of *Podogona*, and of clawed water toads, and lastly "something concrete" about fresh water dolphins. He attained all but one of these objectives and that one (the last named) probably belongs to the realm of fancy. In addition numerous experiments were performed, thousands of both rare and common creatures collected and many notebooks filled with data on their habits. Many species brought back which proved to be new to science have already been described in technical journals.



"Animal Treasure" is in no sense a travelogue; the reader is not dragged about from place to place. Rather he is introduced to one world of animals after another. These animals are not grouped by blood relationship but by choice of similar habitats. For example, frogs enter several of the worlds described—that of the tree tops, of the jungle floor (under as well as on it), of grassy regions, hollow trees and of swift as well as quiet murky waters.

One species (glorying under the name *Trichobatrachus robustus*) even divides its forces by sexes and invades two worlds, the larger male living in water, the smaller female in burrows in solid ground. This in itself is astonishing but by no means is it the most remarkable thing about this frog. The male has the sides of its body and hind legs covered with "hairs" which are not hairs at all but hairlike growths of the skin. These growths were known to be an accessory breathing mechanism but not until Mr. Sanderson's observations were made could it be realized that the hairs were necessary to the male because of its aquatic habitat but unnecessary to the terrestrial female. On top of all this, Mr. Trichobatrachus has a peculiar lung which doubtless enables it to regulate its specific gravity and raise or lower itself in the water like a submarine.

Or, entering the hidden world of the "up top," what could be more appealing than the angwantibo, a little lemur that spends most of its time suspended below branches like a sloth, even sleeping thus? Its hip joint is constructed so loosely that the angwantibo performs stunts calculated to make the best contortionists writhe with envy; it sometimes reverses its topsy-turvy direction of march by simply walking back over its own chest and belly right through the arch formed by its hind legs.

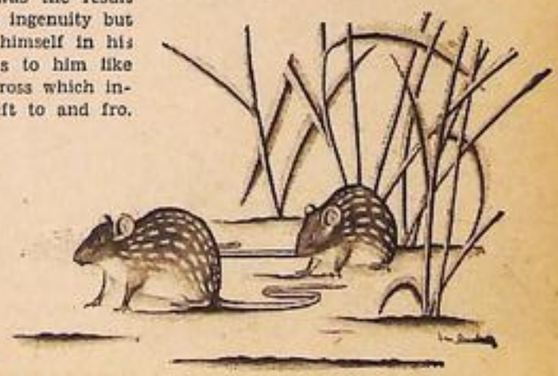
Mr. Sanderson's success was the result not only of his energy and ingenuity but of his ability to submerge himself in his environment. The jungle is to him like the bottom of the ocean across which innumerable forms of life drift to and fro. He often speaks of drifting and eddying along with its slow moving currents. Sometimes currents near the ground move one way, those high up in the trees another; storms hasten these currents but noontime of bright days brings them almost to a standstill.

Sounds were of major importance at all times. Many a weird creature was traced to its hiding place by its call or whistle. Most astonishing of these was the whistling lizard, a creature that will strain the credence of many a reptile man. Once Mr. Sanderson learned that he was the unwelcome guest at a "belching party" of drills (a kind of baboon) only by imitating the embarrassing noises that issued from his hosts in their bewildering concealment. His escape from this unusual gathering is a thrilling story in itself.

After reading "Animal Treasure" I feel as though I had been shown Africa through some sort of a human microscope that brings the smallest creature up to similar proportions with the largest, making an equally interesting. Although the author keeps the center of focus on the animals, he takes us into his confidence and describes in detail his own emotions at each new encounter and discovery. Indeed one of the charming elements of the book is the youthful freshness and enthusiasm that permeates it throughout. The personality of Mr. Sanderson is readily read between the lines.

The introduction warns us that we are not going to read about "bad cooks, angry chiefs, shipping offices and all the rest," but the author, nevertheless, manages to draw vivid and sympathetic pictures of the human beings surrounding him, from his own helpers to numerous chiefs and their retainers. Some of the most amusing and choice passages of the book describe the ever astonishing behavior of Africans.

Drawings of thirty-two animals from life prove the author to be an artist of great skill. These illustrations add a touch of beauty that could not easily be surpassed. "Animal Treasure" is indeed a work of art from start to finish. Every naturalist and scientist will devour this book and no lover of nature or adventure should let it escape.



Drawings by Ivan T. Sanderson from "Animal Treasure"